¶ The treaty

ages by the dayes of Arthur
layne in great honoure
great wyple
ery carlyle
n many an heyze
yde where
ble the knyghtes all
he in bowre and in hall
the worlde so wyde
n on euery syde
nd squyers eke
ers came hym to seke
noblenes
counte alwayes
nd treasure
of honoure
was a bachelere
ny a yere
of moche myght
forsothe he hyght
gaue gyftes myghtely
but gaue full largely
ye it spente
an he had rente
ly he it sette
fer in dette
twe well that all was gone
to make his mone
o is that man
pathe ne no good can
raunge lande
athe I vnderstande

Wen woyll me holde for a v
where I become certeyns I
He lepte vpon a fayze courf
without chylde or yet fouy
And rode fo forthe in great
For to dryue awaye fore lo
His waye he taketh toward
Betwene a water and a fo
The fonne was at the cuyr
He lyghted there downe an
for he was hote in the wee
He toke his mantell and lo
And layde hym downe tha
Under the fhadowe of a tr
Alas he fayd no good I ha
I wote not whether to go
And all the knyghtes that
Of the rounde table that b
Echeone to haue me was
Nowe woyll they be on me
Me leatwaye than is my
Wuth fore weppynge his h
With forowe and care th
Tyll on fleppynge that he
All for fobbed and fayne

ad of reed veluet
lde full well set
boue ouer all
a Joly carnall
e as snowe or downe
loure and eyen browne
e neuer before se
n aungelles of heuen hye
lde balyne
well of alysene
de hym bothe twayne
nd wente them agayne
amongelles so free
nswered well be ye
right as the floure
nd well as paramoure
o come and speke with her
yll nowe syr
n bothe there
ith you to fare
her two
I neuer go
e and handes also
dens than dyde he go

kynge Alyxander the conquerour
Ne Salamon in his moost honour
Ne yet Charlemayne the ryche kynge
Had they nauer ſuche a thynge
He founde in that paurlyon
The kynges doughter of Mylyon
That is an yle in layry
In oryan full nere therby
There laye a bed of moche pryce
Couered ouer in goodly wyſe
Theron ſate a mayden bryght
Almoſt naked vp ryght
All her clothes beſyde her laye
Full lengle ſhe ſate I ſaye
In a mantell of whyte armyne
Couered ouer with golde full fyne
The mantell downe for hete ſhe dyde
Ryght vnder the gyrdell ſtede
There was ſhe as whyte as lylly in maye
Or ſnowe that fallethe in wynter daye
Blollome on bzere ne floure
Was nothynge to her colloure
The reed roſe that was ſo newe
To her reednelſe was it no hewe

Lamwell she sayd my harte swete
For thy loue my harte I lete
There is no kynge ne emperoure
That and I loued hym paramoure
As moche as I do nowe the
But they wo'de be wyght glad of me
Lamwell behelde that lady bryght
Her loue hym rauysshed amone wyght
He sate hym downe the lady beside
Damoysell he sayd tyde whatt betyde
Euermore bothe lowde and styll
Commaunde me wyght at your wyll
Syr knyght she sayd curtoyse and hende
I knowe thy state bothe fyll and ende
Wylte thou trystly to me take
And all other for me forsake
I shall mayntayne thyne honoure
With golde and syluer and ryche treasoure
On euery man spende greatly
And ryche gyftes largely
The more thou spende the meryer thou syt
I shall the fynde ynoughe of it
His loue brente lyke the fyre
For than she had all his desyre
Of her more homage full blithe

Also they wassched and downe sette
And at soupere togethere they ete
Mete and drynke they had plente
Of euery thynge that was daynte
After soupere whan daye was gone
To bedde they wente bothe anone
All that nyght they laye in fere
And dyd that theyr wylles were
For playe they sleped lytell that nyght
Tyll it began to be daye lyght
Lamwell she sayd ryse and go nowe
Golde and syluer take ynoughe with you
Largely to spende on euery man
For ye shall haue ynoughe than
And whan ye wyll gentyll knyght
To speke with me by daye or nyght
Unto some secrete place ye go
And thynke on me so and so
And I shall anone with you be
No man saue you shall se me
Of one thynge syr I the defendaunte
Of me syr to make thyne auaunte
For yf thou do bewrare beforne
For euer thou hast my loue forlorne
The maydens brought hym his hors anone
He taketh his leue and forthe is gone
Of treasure he hat he great plente
And so rode he thrughe the cyte
Whan that he came there he shulde bene
A meryer man had they not sene
Hym selfe he rode full rychely
And his soupers full stoutely

Lamwell maketh the noble feestes
Lamwell fynde mynstrelles that gestes
Lamwell byethe the great stedes
Lamwell gyueth the ryche wedes
Lamwell geuethe plentye of mete and drynke
Lamwell helpe there as he nede coude thynke
Lamwell rewarde relygyous
Lamwell helped euery poze hous
For were he knyght squyze oz swayne
With his goodes he helped them
Of his largenes euery man wote
But no man knewe howe he it gote
And whan hym lyked pryuely and styll
His lady was redy at his wyll
Well happy were nowe that man
That in these dayes had suche one
But on a tyme syz Gawayne
That curtoys knyght and syz Ewayne
Syz Lamwell with them also
And other knyghtes twenty and mo
Wente to playe them on the grene
Under the towze there as was the quene
These knyghtes on theyz game played tho
And sythe to daunsynge gan they go
Syz Lamwell was before set
For his large spence they loued hym bet
The quene in her towze behelde this all
She sayde yonder is large Lamwell
Of all the knyghtes that ben there
Is none so fayze a bachelere
And hathe neyther lemman ne wyfe
I wolde he loued me as his lyfe

Betyde me well betyde me yll
I shall she sayd go were his wyll
She toke with her a company
Of damoyselles that were tyght praty
And gothe her downe anone tyghtes
For to daunce with the knyghtes
The quene went to the hyst ende
Bytwene Gawen and Lanwell the hende
And all her maydens so sothe tyghtes
One and one bytwene two knyghtes
Whan all the daunsynge dyde aslake
The quene Lanwell to counsayle gan take
Shortely she sayd thou gentyll knyght
I haue loued and dothe with all my myght
And as mothe desyre I the
As Arthoure the kynge so fre
Good happe is nowe to the tane
To loue me and none other woman
Madame he sayd nay certays
I wyll not be traytoure neuer my dayes
I owe the kynge feate and homage
Shall I neuer do hym that domage
Fye on the thou false cowarde
Dastarde harlot that thou arte
That thou lyuest it is pyte
That louest no woman nor woman the
Me thynke harlot thou shuldest be fayne
And answere me with ye agayne
Syth I the loue yboys
Before all that in the cowrte is
But as thou arte so thou doost
No woman on the wyll make boost

The knyght was sore agreued tho
And answered her and sayd ryght so
My dame he sayde thou sayst thy wyll
I can loue bothe lowde and styll
And am loued with my lemman
That fayrer hathe no gentylman
Nor none so fayre this saye I
Neyther mayden nor yet lady
That the symplest mayde with her I wene
Ouer the madame myght be a quene
Then was she a shamed and full wrothe
She cleped her maydens and forthe gothe
To chaumbre she went all heuy
For tene and angre she wolde dye
Kynge Arthure came from huntynge
Glad and mery for all thynge
To the quenes chaumbre goneth he
And she fell downe vpon her knee
Some lorde gan she crye
Helpe me lorde or I dye
And without ye Juge ryght
I shall dye this enders myght
I spake with Lam well on my game
And he besought me of shame
As a full vylayne traytoure
He wolde haue done me dyshonoure
And of a lemman playsement he made
That the symplest mayde she had
Myght be a quene ouer me
And all lorde in dyspyte of the
The kynge therwith waxed wrothe
And for angre he swore his othe

That Lambwell ſhulde abyde the lawe
To be hanged and drawe
He commaunded foure knyghtes
To fetche the traytoure forthe ryghtes
The foure knyghtes ſeketh hym anone
But to his chambre was he gone
Alas he ſayd my lyfe is lorne
Hereof ſhe warned me beforne
Of all thynges that I dyde vſe
Of her ſhulde I neuer make rouſe
He cleped and called and her beſought
But all that auayled hym nought
He wepte and ſorowed and he dyde crye
And on his knees he prayed her of mercy
He bete his body and his heed eke
And curſed his mouthe of her dyde ſpeke
O my lady o gentyll creature
How ſhall my wretched body endure
Wy woldes blyſſe I haue forlorne
And falſely vnto my lady forſworne
For ſorowe and care he made that ſtounde
He fell on ſwone vpon the grounde
So longe he laye that the knyghtes came
And in his chambre they toke hym than
And as a theefe than ledde hym thre

Lamwell answered with mylde mode
And tolde hym the sothe euery worde
That it was none otherwyse than so
That wolde he make good tho
Whan all the courte wolde to hym loke
Twelue knyghtes were put to a boke
The sothe to saye in that case
All togethee as it was
These twelue knyghtes as I wene
knewe the rule of the quene
All thoughe the kynge was bolde and stoute
She was wycked out and oute
And she had suche a comforte
To haue lemmans vnder her lorde
Whereby they coude all tell
It was longe of her and not of Lamwell
Here of they quyte a treweman
And sythe they spake forthe on
That yf he myght his lemman bynge
Of whome he made his auauntynge
And yf he myght proue in place
That her maydens fayer was
And also bryghter and shene
And of more beaute than the quene

Alas he ſayd I ſhall dye
My lefe I ſhall ſe neuer
Ete nor dzynke wolde he
But wepynge and in wo
Soꝛs he with ſoꝛowe t
He wolde his endynge i
That he myght from hys
Eche man for hym wa
For a larger ſpender th
Came neuer in that c
Therto was he lyers
None better in the ky
The [illegible]
They bzought th[illegible]
His bozowes that h
To apere before the k
The kynge lete it be re
Bot he the playnte and
He bad hym bzynge h
And he anſwered tha
The wordes that I ſa
Wete ye well I tyed
If I ſo myght betak
In that quarell wold
For this I ſaye to yo

in her boure
pleasoure
ge of ryght
le a syght
more wold I care
e dethe wolde I fare
sterly
or that I dye
lynge
worthy thynge
nge sayse
the prayse
nought
en thore
yp is the more
we here by
de on hye
maundement
ue iugement
orne wayle
nsayle
ge our lorde
recorde

Therfore syrs by our rede
we woyll the kynge suche
That he shall commaund
And woyde hys courte for
whyle they stode thus spe
They saw e two ladyes co
That was bryght as bla
On whyte palfrays with
fayrer creatures with the
Ne better atyred they ne
All them iuged on them t
Ouer the quene as Lamw
Than sayd Gawyne that
Lam well drede the for no
Here comethe thy lemman
Truely the fayrest creature
That euer man sawe befo
Lo where she rydethe upo
More fayrer they be certay
Than euer the prayse ment
Lamwell beheldе them b
And sayde of them two n
They are nothynge so fayr
Of theyr seruauntes maye
But wete ye well and wer
Whyne owne lemman is it
To her I trespaced so great
I wote I shall her neuer s
The maydens that came so
went to the castell to the
whan they came syr Lam
Obeysaunce to hym they m

ɹem that they made
the they rade
ne and ſaluted hym there
of a chaumbre fayre
is here comynge
e fayreſt thynge
be hange it eke
tes vnder her fete
what wyll ſhe done
ſhall wete ſone
nded for her ſake
e to them take
bowre on hye
baronye
ne your iugement
nſwered verament
theſe maydens ſo bryght
by this lyght
we gone
ne ſone anone
began tho
nd ſome ſayd not ſo
y wolde hym deme
ynge and quene
e make hym chere
pledynge in fere
ens came ridynge tho
n the other two
ly mules of ſpayne
ſo brydels were campayne
all in ryche atyre
had great deſyre

See B 2 verso of the other fragment.

Douce fragments
e. 40

That her maidens fairer was
And also brighter thene
And of more beautye then the quene.
And also of countenaunce and of hewe
They would quite hym as trewe
yf he myght not stande there til,
He should abyde the kynges wyl,
This verdit was geuen before the king
The day was set her in to bryng
Suerties her founde to come agayne
Syr Gawayne, and syr Ewayne,
Alas (he sayed) I shal dye,
My lyefe I shal neuer see with eye
Eate nor drinke would he neuer,
But in wepyng and wo was euer,
So is he with sorow nome
He wouldes his endyng day were come.
Eche man for hym was full wo
For a large spender then he
Came neuer in that countree
Therto was he fiers and bolde
Neuer a better in the kynges houshold.
The day was come of his appearing,
They brought the knyght before the kyng,
Hys sorow was that hys suertyes was,
To appere before the kynges face
The kyng let it be reherced there
Both the plenty and his answere,
He bad him bryng hys Lemon in sight,
And he answeret, that he ne myght.

The wordes that I sayed eche one
Wete ye wel I lyed of none
yf I so myght be taken thereby,
In that quarel would I dye
For thys I say to you a lone
A fairer then she was neuer none
But of beautye and of shape
I am to symple to touche her lape
There was neuer man yet I wate
Emperour kyng, or high estate
Where euer they dwel far or nere
For her fairenes myght be her pere
Nor yet come within her boure,
But if it were for her pleasure
I would desyre no more of right
But once of her to haue a sight
Truly my lorde for no more would I care
Forthwith then to Dcany would I fare
Not to displease her sikerly
yet would I ye saw her or I dye,
But it is not al my wilking
It is as she wyll that worthie thing.
Bryng her forth the kyng sayes,
That thou now so fast dost praise,
To proue the soth that thou sayest of,
Forsoth my lord that can I not,
The kyng sayed vnto him thore,
Forsoth thy dishonour hys the more.
What may we know al hereby
But that thou lyest loude and hye.
The barons all had commaundement.

Of